THE WORLD.

Published by the Press Publishing Co.

FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 30.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage), PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, $3.50.

THE NOVEMBER RECORD.

Total number of "Worlds" printed during the month of November, 1887,

8,505,840.

AVERAGE PER DAY FOR THE ENTIRE MONTH,

283,528 COPIES.

NOVEMBER CIRCULATION during the past six years compared:

	Monthly Total.	Daily Average.
1882	943,861	31,462
1883	1,361,670	45,389
1884	3,845,834	128,194
1885	4,948,453	164,948
1886	6,107,420	203,580
1887	8,505,840	283,528

OPEN TO ALL.

The New York "World" invites every Newspaper Proprietor and every Advertiser to examine its Books and Press Room to Satisfy himself about its Circulation.

AN EXPENSIVE REMEDY.

Strikes are sometimes justifiable as the last resort of oppressed workers. But the statistics of their cost, just published, hold a warning against using this weapon inconsiderately.

The Chief of the Bureau of Labor shows that less than half the strikes in the last six years have been successful, and that they have involved a loss to strikers of $51,816,000, or $20,000,000 more than the loss inflicted on employers.

In England, where the science of labor organization is better understood, strikes are now relatively a rare occurrence. They should be superseded here, so far as may be, by conferences and arbitration.

ABSURD, OF COURSE.

The President characterizes as "absurd" the report that he intends to send to Congress a supplementary message, "explaining" his recent communication to that body, and suggesting the repeal of some of the internal taxes as a means of stopping the surplus.

Of course it is absurd. The late message explained itself. No public document has been better understood or more generally approved by disinterested citizens.

If there is to be any "explaining" done it will be by Democrats who favor the retention of war taxes on necessities and the abolition of taxes on vices and indulgences. And they are growing scarcer every day.

HARD ON THE POOR.

Everything hard seems to press hardest at last upon the poor.

The coal barons grind them down to semi-starvation wages. If they strike, other poor people suffer for it. The operators put up the prices of coal, and the poor feel it. Wholesale dealers give light weight, and the poor must make it up in short measure or higher prices. The cold weather comes, and bites the poor the sharpest of all.

How much do you pity the poor?

IT COMES HIGH.

The cost of the city government of New York for next year will be $37,000,000, including $4,000,000 for State taxes and $7,000,000 on interest account.

This is a very pretty sum. It is within $3,000,000 of the entire cost of the Federal Government in 1850. It is almost four times as much as the cost of the State Government of New York and nearly as much as the cost of all the other State governments put together.

The city is rich and can afford to pay for the best local government. But there must be a general impression that it doesn't get its money's worth by a long chalk.

THE ISSUE.

Chairman McNULTY, of the Harlem Democratic Club, gave the keynote to last night's celebration in praising President CLEVELAND for "courageously and forcibly presenting the vital question of reduced taxation and a revision of the tariff as the issue upon which the Democratic party, in the interest of the whole country, is sure to succeed in the coming campaign."

Nearly all the speakers accepted the issue and the duty that it imposes upon the party. The one who was "out of tune" with the keynote discoursed about State rights.

The voice of the "united Democracy" is in favor of cutting down the war tariff to a peace basis.

If "a cat may look at a king," why not at a President? And yet the Washington theatre cat that walked across the stage to inspect the President's party, spoiling the effect of Fedora's death-throes, should have chosen his time with more discretion.

It can't be denied that Mayor HEWITT has "plenty of sand" in himself, even if he won't permit its use on the horse-car tracks. Witness his bucking against the Knights of Labor.

Isn't their something too much of this silly twaddle about the "betrayal" of married women? Innocence and ignorance are often betrayed, but a married woman who "stoops to folly" is not entitled to this plea.

It is some consolation for Americans who are too poor or too busy to go abroad to know that there has been "a heavy fall of snow at Nice," and that the railroads are blocked with snow in the path of the tourists.

It doesn't much matter who are Civil-Service Commissioners, provided that the reform law is observed and executed in letter and in spirit. The new State Commission is entitled to be judged by its work.

If SULLIVAN and SMITH meet it is pretty certain that somebody will get hurt. Those who have seen JOHN L. hit in earnest think they know who it will be.

The Reading Company seems to be doing its utmost to provoke a strike. What for?

ACTORS AT THE PLAY.

Miss Georgia Cayvan always patronizes the professional matinées.

Mrs. Langtry likes to see a play from the pleasant seclusion of a private box.

Henry E. Dixey has not been to a theatre as a spectator in a very long time.

Robert C. Hilliard is fond of comic opera, and "drops in" to the Casino very frequently.

Mrs. Agnes Booth-Schoeffel is very fond of the theatre. She is an ardent admirer of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt.

Miss Ada Rehan is always glad to see a good play, but never becomes enthusiastic about any one's performance.

Miss Grace Henderson went to the professional matinée of "Elaine" the other day when she was so sick that she ought to have been in bed.

John A. Mackay sits through a performance frequently. He is lavish of his applause, and extremely severe on people who talk during the play.

McKee Rankin takes in every play he possibly can. Even if acting he will dress rapidly after the performance is finished and rush to see the final act of a new play.

Miss Minnie Palmer, who was in the city "resting" during the week preceding Christmas, went to the theatre every night. It is not often that she is in front of the footlights.

WORLDLINGS.

Mrs. Langtry has the handsomest turquoise in America. It is set as a pendant with twenty-seven diamonds and is valued at $5,000.

A correspondent writing from Constantinople mentions the interesting fact that no one is known to have ever seen a Greek intoxicated on Christmas Day.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is said to believe that her genius for poetry is due to the fact that her mother read Lalla Rookh through with great interest just before her talented daughter was born.

William J. Haines, of St. Louis, celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of his birth on Christmas Day. He is a native of Tennessee, is still active and robust, and works every day except Sunday as the engineer of a stationary engine.

Herbert Taylor, with an income of $100,000, is one of the richest and most eligible bachelors in Chicago. He is thirty years old, a blond, wears eye-glasses and loves to drive a tandem turnout that is the admiration of all his acquaintances.

There is a precious youngster in Rome, Ga., a year and a half old, who has used tobacco with great enjoyment for the last six months. He is said to smoke a pipe like a veteran and becomes very vigorous in his protests when deprived of it.

One of the brightest newspaper women in the West is Mrs. Julia D. Pratt, the editor and proprietor of the Sunday *Optic*, of Quincy, Ill. She took charge of the *Optic* when it was moribund and in two years has made it one of the newsiest society papers in the State.

Col. Richard M. Johnston, who has become prominent in the new school of Southern writers, is sixty-five years old and was a leading lawyer in Georgia before the war. After Lee's surrender he became a schoolmaster in Baltimore, but of late years he has devoted himself entirely to literary work.

Miss Ella A. Giles, of Madison, Wis., who is very favorably known in literary and social circles throughout Wisconsin, is in New Orleans gathering material for letters descriptive of life in the South. Miss Giles is the author of several successful novels, and is especially known for her brilliant and scholarly sketches of Swedish and Norwegian winters.

Many of the leading statesmen are good French scholars and some of them have a critical knowledge of the languages. Senator Edmunds and Senator Hoar have their libraries well stocked with works in French, and the most attractive means of recreation which Thurman can find is to devour French novels by the dozen. John Sherman has many French financial books in his library.

President Carnot's Name.

[*From a Paris Letter.*]

The President's father has really the right to bear the title of Count, and his son that of Viscount, for during the *cent jours* Napoleon conferred the title on the great Carnot. I think in private life they are often called by the title, but in the official world they are simply M. Carnot and M. Sadi Carnot. The name "Sadi," that of a Persian poet, has puzzled many people. The President received it from an uncle, who was named when no good Republican would call his child by the name of a saint. He has used Sadi as a prefix to be distinguished from his father, also a Government official. The name Sadi Carnot is considered a fortunate one. *Carn* signifies sacred stone, and, according to the Sheik Abou Naddara, the oldest Oriental writer in Paris, the Arabs will be pleased with the election, for in Arabic Sadi means "good fortune;" Carnot, "of the century"—Sadi Carnot, the good fortune of his century. The new President is of medium height, has regular features, clear, dark complexion, black eyes, short black beard, waxed mustache and long black hair. His Paris home, in the third story of the apartment-house, No. 25 Rue des Bassins, is very simple. There is but one drawing-room, for the Carnots are far from being society people. Every Tuesday Mme. Carnot receives her intimate friends, and "family dinners" are her only dissipation. Although the President and family have this week removed to the Elysée, he intends to keep his home in the Rue des Bassins, perhaps as a resort from the cares of state, perhaps as a refuge if called to meet the fate of his predecessor.

A Social Fall.

[*From the Troy Press.*]

An English gentleman and his wife, who had been travelling in Sicily, fell into conversation one day with the driver of the vehicle in which they were riding.

"I was not always as you see me," said the driver sadly. "I once occupied a much higher position."

The travellers lent their ears at once for a romance story of nobility in distress. "Yes," added the driver, "I was once a brigand, and all the men of my family occupied the same honorable position, but I became engaged to a girl whom I loved to distraction, and she, disliking the profession on account of its risks, persuaded me to give it up, so now, alas! I am only a carriage driver."

New Year's Shopping.

[*From the Omaha World.*]

Devoted Wife—Have you any embroidered slippers?

Dealer—Plenty of them. You wish hand-worked, I presume?

"Yes, I want a pair that will look as if it took all summer to do them."

"Yes, madam, we have that kind; they make a man almost weep when he thinks of the days and weeks and months of silent labor all for him."

"Well, here is my husband's measure. Don't send any bill except for the soles. Charge him a few dollars extra for his next pair of boots."

HARD WORK BADLY PAID.

STARVATION WAGES IN THE WHITE GOODS MANUFACTORIES.

Women Who Are Compelled to Live on $3 or $4 a Week—"The Bosses Treat Us as if We were Slaves"—"It is No Wonder that Some Poor Girls Go to the Bad"—A Sorry Christmas for Most of the Girls.

At a recent meeting of the women workers a young woman who is employed as a sample maker gave some account of the manner in which her sisters in the manufacture of white goods or ladies' undergarments were required to labor, and the low wages and strict rules under which they are compelled to eke out a miserable existence.

A reporter for THE WORLD interviewed one of these workers to-day and obtained some additional facts. In answer to several inquiries, she made the following statement:

"I think that if any set of female workers in New York is ground down to the last notch it is the women employed in making white goods for ladies' use. A good sample maker can earn in sixty hours a week from $6 to $8, but the rest of us get from $3 to $4 for work just as hard.

"Then we are required to furnish cotton thread, and if we break a needle on a sewing-machine we must pay for it, for it is taken out of our wages on Saturday night. Why, sir, you don't know the distress some of us are put to.

"Why don't we go and get other work? Easier said than done. We are used to this kind of labor and most of us would have to learn other kind of work, and we have no time for experiments.

"The bosses treat us as if we were slaves, and they are about right, for we are such as far as labor and total submissiveness to our employers are concerned.

"We cannot live decently and maintain health and strength on such poor pay and such long hours. I live in an uptown apartment-house with my mother and father, and I help them to get along. Mother does a little sewing as a dressmaker, but it does not amount to much, and she is not strong, while father broke an arm some time ago and has been laid up for two months. He is a teamster, and does fairly well when he is able.

"We try to live decently, but it is almost impossible with the little money we earn. We have four rooms, plainly furnished, and pay $12 a month for them.

"I know of girls in our shop who are even worse off than some that you have already told about in THE WORLD.

"For instance, there are three young women who are dependent on their own labor for support. They have two rooms in an east-side tenement and pay $10 a month for them. They make an average of $10 a week, and have to live and dress out of that.

"Just think of three grown persons living off such a sum as that! It is no wonder that some poor girls go to the bad under such circumstances; they have no encouragement, no prospect in life, and they are poorly clad for winter weather.

"It was a sorry Christmas for most of the girls in our trade, and it cut us off of one day's work and gave us but a mere pittance to exist on.

"I hope that THE WORLD will keep up the battle it has so nobly begun for overworked and underpaid female workers, and I would suggest that young women in all vocations send to the editor written statements concerning their work, hours of labor, wages and mode of living and expenses. It will bring the matter before the public and will create reform in behalf of female labor.

"I don't see why our work is not just as valuable as men's, and we should receive as much for it."

MANAGER LOCKE SANGUINE.

Denying the Stories of Western Disasters to the American Opera Company.

Charles E. Locke, of the National Opera Company, arrived in this city yesterday with plenty to say for himself. He denied the harrowing stories of the company's Western disasters.

Business had not been good, however, and in the West money was lost. Mr. Locke said he had not the faintest intention of giving up the operatic struggle, and was extremely sanguine as to the results of the Eastern trip.

Mr. Locke met Sylva, the tenor, at the Hotel Belvidere yesterday, and explained to that gentleman why he had not given him the money which was his due. The reason was the alleged appropriation of $2,500 by the managers of the opera-house in Kansas City.

Sylva will probably rejoin the company in Boston on Jan. 9. Mr. Locke has come to the conclusion that Americans don't like ballets in opera.

The Society Lady's Mascot.

[*Baltimore American's Washington Letter.*]

An incident well worthy the pen of Du Maurier occurred a week since at one of the Cabinet receptions. Among the callers was the wife of a prominent jurist, who this week introduces her granddaughter to society. Accompanied by the débutante the dame sailed majestically into the room and up to the hostess, who was surrounded by her own little court. After making the introduction she stepped a little to one side, in order that her charge should have the full benefit of any attention from the hostess. With a gracious air the Secretary's wife turned to the débutante, making some polite inquiry as to whether or not she found it pleasant making a formal entry into society. "Oh, yes; I like it immensely. You know grandmamma takes me everywhere with her. She calls me her mascot." "Yes?" in a rising reflection from the hostess. "Oh, she calls me so, because she says whenever I go out with her we never find any one at home. Do you know we have made lots of calls, and this is the very first place we have had to go in to-day."

A Thankless Job.

[*From the Omaha World.*]

Omaha Man (looking at a funeral)—Well, well! A hearse, but no carriages and no mourners! Who can that be?

Editor—That must be the funeral of Jinks, who worked on our paper.

"I should think the whole editorial, reportorial and typographical force would have turned out if the deceased had been a comrade. That funeral which just passed had no mourners."

"Jinks was proofreader."

Birds of Passage.

Paul Blouet, "Max O'Rell," is at the Everett.

Gen. and Mrs. Benet left the Grand for Washington to-day.

Prof. E. B. Elliott, of Washington, is a recent arrival at the Brevoort.

Jos. D. Weeks, of Pittsburg, one of Blaine's bowers, is at the Victoria.

At the Grand are Lieut. J. M. Benton, U. S. A., and Capt. H. C. Ward, U. S. A.

The Brunswick's books show the name of W. C. Wilkinson, a Baltimore contractor.

Lieut. J. E. Seymour, United States steamship Nipsic, is stopping at the Sturtevant.

Prof. W. M. Paxton, of Princeton, and H. W. Sagh, of Ithaca, are at the Fifth Avenue.

Gov. David B. Hill, accompanied by Col. Judson, of his staff, reached the Hoffman House late last night.

Gen. Francis A. Walker, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is registered at the Victoria.

Among others at the Fifth Avenue are Mrs. Gould, of Seneca Falls, and Ex-Senator John Birdsall, of Glen Cove.

The Rev. B. P. Murray, of Chicago, and Gen. T. B. Bunting and Mrs. Bunting, of Guatemala, are registered at the Gilsey.

David Gage, ex-City Treasurer of Chicago, and Jos. F. Bodwell, son of the late Gov. Bodwell, of Maine, are at the Murray Hill Hotel.

W. G. Raoul, President of the Mexican Central Railroad, and S. D. Coykendall, of the Western Delaware Railroad, are staying at the Gilsey.

Staying at the St. James are Norman E. Mack, the handsome editor of the Buffalo *Times*; Jos. W. Roundtree, the soap manufacturer, of Chicago; Prof. R. B. Fairbanks, of St. Stephens College, and Henry L. Waldro, of New Mexico.

THEY SAY IT IS NOT THE SHOEING.

Street-Car Men Insist that It is Want of Sand that Makes the Horses Slip.

The refusal of Mayor Hewitt to grant the permits which would allow the different horse-car companies of this city to put sand on their tracks, and so afford the car horses some sort of an excuse for continually slipping and falling down, has occasioned no inconsiderable amount of comment and hence the inquiry: "Are the car horses properly shod?"

A WORLD reporter, on a tour of inspection and inquiry, visited several of the largest car stables in the city and talked with superintendents, inspectors, foremen, stablemen, blacksmiths and drivers. The desire, "We want sand on the tracks," was expressed by all.

In regard to the shoeing, the work done in one stable is a fair example of that done in all. The largest stable of the Fourth avenue line, corner of Fourth avenue and Thirty-second street, in which are stabled over one thousand horses, has a room in which from twelve to fourteen men are employed in shoeing horses. Here each car horse is taken once in three weeks, the old shoes are pulled off and new ones put on.

It was noticed that, in most cases, the shoes were without corks, and this omission prompted the reporter to ask one of the workmen if a horse would not stand more securely if such aids were used. He replied that with some horses it might make a slight difference, but that in any case the corks would wear down to the level of the shoe in two days' time, and that if a horse were shod every forty-eight hours it would be but a very short time before that horse would join the angels in the happy hunting grounds.

Supt. Newell, of the Broadway line, was seen in his office at the corner of Fiftieth street and Seventh avenue.

"The horses are shod in the best possible manner," he said, "and we simply cannot prevent their slipping unless that man in the Mayor's office will allow us to put sand on the tracks. He is the first Mayor who has refused to give us the permit, and the refusal has cost us many thousand dollars' worth of horseflesh and has caused the drivers a great deal of labor which would become unnessary if sand were allowed.

"A committee appointed by the drivers visited the Mayor unbeknown to us and asked him to reconsider his refusal. He promised to 'reconsider,' and has been putting them off by weekly appointments ever since. The horses are too valuable to misuse, and we give them the best shoes that can be made."

The car-drivers all say that the horses are shod well, and they are not at all backward in expressing their opinion that "sand on the track" should be allowed.

PUMPING OUT THE CITY OF RICHMOND.

None of the Freight of the Stranded Steamboat Said to be Lost or Damaged.

The stranded Hartford steamboat City of Richmond, which struck on Pilgrim Rock in East River yesterday afternoon, looks very much more like a wreck than her captain and owners will acknowledge.

She lies on Pottery Beach, just off Greenpoint and near the entrance to Newtown Creek. Many hundreds of people went over by the Twenty-third street and Tenth street ferries this morning to see the vessel, and the younger population of Greenpoint all flocked to the river front.

Capt. May intended to bring his disabled vessel close in shore, but the water gained so fast that she sank in the mud 200 feet out.

All night long the Chapman Derrick and Wrecking Company had a gang of men at work transferring the vessel's freight to the company's pier, at Peck slip and by 8 o'clock the job was finished.

The pumps were set at work at 10 o'clock, but by noon very little headway had been made. Divers are to be sent down this afternoon to ascertain the size of the hole in the ship's bottom and cover it with canvas.

At the company's office it was said that the fire on board had been very much exaggerated. A live coal fell on the floor and burned the woodwork a little, but it was put out in a few moments. Freight Agent Smith said not a single piece of freight had been lost or damaged. He estimated the injury to the vessel could be repaired for $20,000, which amount is covered by insurance. The company holds Capt. May entirely blameless for the disaster.

Timothy Sullivan, the fireman who was badly scalded on the back and legs while attempting to draw the fires in the engine-room, was reported by the doctors at Bellevue as doing very well this morning.

CORSET EFFECTS.

Inherited Wasp-Waists—The Tight-Lacing Passion.

[*From the Boston "Wives and Daughters."*]

No, certainly, the fools are not all dead, yet I do not believe the evil of tight-lacing is as prevalent as is often represented. A different view would seem inconsistent with the higher education and better aspirations of the time. Health is the very pith of mental vigor, as it is the breath and being of any intelligent standard of physical beauty. If the Legislature could corset all our women, and then give the strings a long, strong pull, they would relieve themselves of further trouble from the sex praying to be heard on reform measures. The struggle for "advancement" would cease, and "those women" would subside to the dead level of their Chinese sisters with the fashionable crippled feet, who "no walkee." We see, indeed, amid the flow of feminine humanity out of doors in tailor-made suits and coats, at public resorts, and wherever women are assembled on dress parade, specimens of dire corset effects. Deformity of this nature may be the person's misfortune, not her fault. Many men are living on inherited money, and some women are dying of inherited wasp-waists and debility resulting from the condition. Once a woman is possessed by a passion for tight-lacing she is all but incurable, though nature may finally compel a reform. Her vanity is gratified, even when her waist is so out of proportion as to shock the artistic sense of beholders. With years the disproportion increases, she overflows her confines in shoulders thick and round, and the development of the lower body is inordinate because of the necessity imposed on tissue to bestow itself unequally. By and by, when her complexion, one of the chief beauties of woman, has been sacrificed through impeded circulation, and her nose is in hue like a mahogany knob, when she has become a martyr to palpitation and various ills that corseted flesh is heir to, she resigns herself to the inevitable, enlarges her strait-jacket and—provided she has enough vitality left—measurably recovers from distortion and assumes a matronly and befitting form. But of these maniacs the number is comparatively small and is probably diminishing. Good sense and good taste in dress matters dwell with l'Americaine or they dwell nowhere. The temptation to a pinched waist has overtaken us through our national slenderness as compared with the women of Europe, who are lower in stature and stouter, except the French, whose youthful figures are perfect, but who, besides not having the average height of American women, are fated to early embonpoint and entire loss of fashion-plate grace. An error quite as serious from either a physiological or an artistic point of view is to carry the waist down to abnormal length, which is reported to be the coming craze. Doubtless the modiste would tell us she aims but to meet the requirements of certain customers in this particular. In fact, I have known little women to insist on being close-fitted the utmost length, so extending the waist more and more, unconscious that every particle gained on the natural waist-line told against good proportion of the figure entire, perhaps to the extent of converting a woman into a funny waddling duck. Our daughters need to be carefully instructed that for all such silly reshaping and misshaping offended nature will have her revenge. Dress reformers are apt to go to the opposite extreme, which is the reason their attempts do not succeed with the masses. The woman universal is not going to make a guy of herself. She knows there is no occasion for it. Meantime there are reforms in the air that may prove worthy to adopt. I for one have faith in our wives and daughters, that they do and will avoid the abuse of corsets generally.

MRS. VINAL.

Last of the Red Flag.

[*From the Omaha World.*]

Irate Citizens—Here, sir, what does this red flag mean?

Noted Anarchist—Dot vas all right. Dot means auctions.

"Auction?"

"Yah. I sell me oud und go me back to dose gountries where Anarchists get some respects already."

WHERE COLD MAKES MISERY.

PROPHECIES OF WARMER WEATHER WELCOMED BY THE POOR.

The Frigid Wave About Passed and the New Year to Open With a Mild Spell—Sufferings Experienced in Squalid Tenements—Healthful Sport on Toboggan Slides and the Ice—A Coming Storm.

Although weather prophets declared that yesterday would be warm compared with to-day, up to noon there was nothing to verify the prophecy.

The lowest point indicated on thermometers yesterday was 14 degrees. As yet that figure has not been reached to-day, nor has there been any approach to it. The mercury ran the gamut from 18 to 23 degrees.

Still, the weather is cold enough, though the force of the wind is not great. It is good, healthy, bracing weather to those who can dress warmly while outdoors, or who have a pleasant fireside at home. To those whose circumstances forbids either, the bright sun as it melts the gleaming bits of frost from housetops affords no relief.

In the tenement-house districts, east and west sides alike, the suffering yesterday and to-day was something beyond belief. With coal higher than at any time during the season, with the quality poorer and the quantity less, the lot of the impoverished families to whom a warm meal at any time is a luxury was far from being a happy one.

The wind howled drearily through the bare passageways, whisked along the corridors in defiance of doors and bars, made the windows rattle till their safety was a doubtful question, and then rushed off, only to return in a moment with redoubled force that sent a shiver through the half-clad tenants within.

Where there was a semblance of a fire it was utilized and doubly appreciated. In the most squalid quarters, where house-tops and the blue sky form couch and canopy in summer, a very few families were fortunate enough to be able to purchase a bucket of coal. And how preciously they served it out!

First came the waste paper and kindlings gathered in the streets, the flickering light that seemed for a time too sickly to live, and then the bits of coal, selected piece by piece.

Then the shivering ones would gather about the little stove, eagerly absorbing what warmth emanated from it.

Still there were thousands who welcomed the cold from business motives or from pleasure. Toboggan slides were given an impetus by it, and the small boy and the big boy, too, whose ruddy cheeks told of healthful sport on the ice were benefited by it.

The coldest places in the country to-day are La Crosse, Wis., where the temperature is 10 degrees below, and Milwaukee, where it is 4 degrees below. At Chicago it is 8 degrees above; at St. Louis 20 degrees, Boston 10 degrees, Philadelphia 20, and Washington 16 degrees.

The weather at Jacksonville and New Orleans has grown warmer. At the former place the temperature is 34 and at the latter 38 degrees. Snow is falling through the region of the Mississippi valley.

There is a storm moving eastward, accompanied by rain and snow. The wind to-day is blowing at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour, about half as fast as yesterday. It is still off shore and northwesterly.

Indications are that to-morrow will be warmer and that a spell of warm weather will open the new year.

WILL SUE FOR THEIR PAY.

United Labor Party Election Inspectors Claim Remuneration for Full Time.

The inspectors of election of the United Labor party, or a large proportion of them, are not inclined to be satisfied with the one day's pay. For the past two days many of them have accepted the $7.50, but in most cases under protest. Last night 130 of the inspectors held an adjourned meeting at Columbia Hall, No. 1210 First avenue, which was called "for the purpose of deciding upon such course of action as may be necessary to secure the recognition of their legal rights." Moses B. Cohen was elected Chairman and J. Hamilton Dillon, Secretary. Those who spoke all favored appealing to the courts to obtain payment for the four days they were not permitted to serve, although many of them reported for duty every day.

Lawyers Waite and Morris Hart were present and gave it as their opinions that the inspectors were entitled to full pay. A committee of three from each Assembly district was appointed to get the names and consent of all the inspectors willing to become parties to a suit to recover $30 apiece from the city and county. If all the inspectors become parties to such an action and are successful it will mean a loss of $24,420 to the city. The men last night claimed that it was more a question of principle with them than of dollars. The next meeting will be held Jan. 10 at the same place, when a permanent organization will be formed.

MISSOURI'S DEAD GOVERNOR.

His Funeral To-Morrow—Lieut.-Gov. Moorehouse Sworn In.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 30.—The funeral of Gov. Marmaduke will take place at Jefferson City at 2.30 P. M., on Saturday. The honorary pall-bearers will be five ex-Governors of the State, Gov. Moorehouse and the five Judges of the Supreme Court. Bishop Tuttle, of the Episcopal Church, will probably officiate. A salute of seventeen guns will be fired at sunrise Saturday morning, according to the militia regulations of the State.

Lieut.-Gov. Moorehouse was sworn in as Governor at noon to-day. The State officers held a meeting this morning and adopted resolutions paying high tribute to the many good qualities of the deceased and extending sympathy to his family.

Deleterious Effects of Snow.

[*From the Berliner Tageblatt.*]

A recent article by Herr R. Sendtner in the "Meteorologische Zeitschrift" tends to prove that the works of art in the streets and squares of cities are more liable to decay than those in the country, and that this decaying process is more rapid nowadays than it was forty or fifty years ago. The writer attributes it not only to the changes of temperature in general, but more especially to the variations of temperature near the freezing point, the freezing of the water in the pores of the work of art hastening the decay, in consequence of the sulphurous and sulphuric acids, arising from the increased use of coal. These deleterious ingredients mixing with the rain, fog and dew act like diluted sulphuric acid on the surfaces of statues, monuments, &c., be they of stone or bronze. Worse than all these, however, is the effect of the snow, which absorbs those acids to a remarkable degree. Fresh fallen snow in Munich, for instance, contained seven to eight milligrammes of acid to each kilo of snow; and the same proportion was noticeable at Forstenried, about eight kilometres from the city. The same quantity of snow, after having remained on the ground a fortnight, showed in Munich sixty-one milligrammes, while at Forstenried the proportion had not altered in the least; hence the snow in the city must needs have a more deleterious effect than that in the country. This also is the reason why the public monuments in Berlin are always covered at the approach of winter.

No French for Her.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

Miss Edna, of Detroit, is not yet four years old, though wiser than an owl appears. Her little cousin from England called on her the other day, and prattled on and on interminably, so full was she of childish news to tell. The little foreigner's English is exceedingly broad, and sounded peculiar to Edna's ears. At last there came a pause in the visitor's prattle.

"Now," said Edna, "go on and tell me more. Only please speak it in English; I can't be understanding French all the time."

Obituary Notes.

Charles Rutter, one of the best known ironmasters of the country, died yesterday at Pottstown, Pa., at the age of seventy-eight years.

Col. Samuel Evans, the oldest practising lawyer in Pennsylvania, died in Uniontown, Pa., on Tuesday at the age of eighty-eight years.

George D. Woodruff, an old wholesale grocer of New York City, died at his home in East Orange, N. J., on Tuesday, at the age of seventy-four years.

William A. Kimball, formerly of this city, died suddenly on Tuesday at Pasadena, Cal. He was forty-five years old. Eight years ago he married Miss Cora B. Hatch, daughter of Rufus Hatch.

THE PEOPLE'S LETTER BOX.

Every-Day Topics of Interest to Readers of the of "The Evening World."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am a young man, twenty-one years of age, have a fair amount of clerical experience and a little money. Kindly inform me which would be the best place for me to go to earn a comfortable living—the West Indies or South America. Can a New Yorker stand these climates? What are the advantages and disadvantages? How long does it take to go to either of these places? What are the prospects for an energetic young man in these countries? SOUTH AMERICA.

New York, Dec. 28.

A Chance for J. B.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please say to the young man, J. B., who desires to learn steam engineering and obtain a license, I will give him the necessary schooling and all the necessary facilities he will require to obtain license, presuming he has the mental calibre and is of temperate habits.

H. KITTREDGE, Mechanical Engineer, Station C, New York.

No. 123 Barrow street, Dec. 29.

Seats for the Shop Girls.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Why does not the Association for the Protection of the Workingwomen see that the law about seats for shop girls is carried out? It is very generally disregarded. The laws made for the rich are always enforced. Why not enforce the laws for the poor as well?

Dec. 29. FAIR PLAY.

Human Beings Not Machines.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am glad to see that you are agitating the cause of the domestic help. There is something besides a joke to their work. They are not the autocrats and ladies of leisure which the so-called funny papers make them. They are worthy of a good deal more consideration than they usually get from their mistresses. They are not machines, but human beings.

Dec. 29. MRS. F. A. R.

Wants a Domestics' Union.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

While every other class of workers is trying to get shorter hours, nobody says a word about the long hours of the domestics. Talk about sixty hours a week! Why, we slaves of the kitchen are drudging ninety or one hundred hours a week right along. And our work is just as hard as running a sewing-machine or selling ribbons. As everybody else is organizing, why don't the servant girls have a union, too? MARGARET.

Tompkins Square.

The Army of Unemployed.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Your correspondent, who signs himself "George Rogers," is no more astonished over the fact that 100,000 workingmen are out of work at present than I am. When you remember that the Commissioner of Public Works by closing the work on the subway threw several thousand out of employment, why should there be surprise? Yours, McK.

Senators at Twenty-five Cents a Night.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Recently there appeared an article headed "Choosing Roman Senators," in which it was stated that in order to attract respectable persons or a better class of people to act as supernumeraries in "Julius Cæsar" at the Academy of Music, the management offered $1 a night, the usual wages being 50 cents. While I am sorry to spoil a good advertisement, in the interest of truth I beg to make a few corrections. A person would infer from the article that the general run of "supers" were not respectable, the words being "a better class of persons;" but while that may be so in some cases, the majority of "supers" are respectable mechanics and laborers out of employment, or young men who do not make enough to keep them by working in the daytime. Of course I only speak of the men. The "supers" now at the Academy of Music are pretty much the average usually attracted by an advertisement, about half of them having never been on the stage before. But the chief correction which I wish to make, and I, being one of the Roman Senators, am in a position to know, is this, that we were not offered $1 (!) a night, the regular wage is not 50 cents, but what we are getting is 25 cents a night, with the first night off, the supermaster getting that. That may seem a ridiculously small amount to many persons in return for being on duty from 7 P. M. until 11 P. M., but $1.50 is not to be despised by a man out of work. I write this at the suggestion of several of the "supers." I hope you will give this space in your widely circulated paper, as it may prove interesting to many of your readers. ONE OF THE SENATORS.

New York, Dec. 28.

The Head Dog.

[*From the Camilla (Ga.) Clarion.*]

Judge P. W. Twitty, of our County Court, not only wears a seal skin cap, but he has another smart dog. He is noted for always having a big heart and smart dogs. Old Dash is dead and gone, but Dash is not forgotten. The many accomplishments of the lamented Jule were an honor to the science of dogology. And now the fine young black-nosed Bob is on the boards. The other day the Judge sent Bob with a written order to Pope's butcher stall, for a nickel's worth of beef. Bob carried the order, which was duly read and then thrown down. The beef was given him, which he ate with a relish, and then deliberately picked up the order and ran over to Duncan McLean's stall and presented it again. Duncan took the order, thinking it was directed to him, and gave Bob another nickel's worth of his fine beef. Duncan wrote a little bill for the beef for Bob to carry home. But instead of taking it to his master Bob went across the street and presented his paper at George White's stall. Mr. White glanced at it, thought it was an order for beef and promptly gave Bob more beef. By this time this sharp canine trader had got enough, and went home.

A Dream of Liberty.

[*From the San Francisco Examiner.*]

"No, sir, I'm not a dynamiter nor a believer in dynamite. I'm a philosophical Anarchist."

He drained his beer glass and tossed back his long hair.

"I believe," he continued, beckoning the waiter, "in a state of society in which there will be no statute law, in which the individual shall be the unit, in which an intelligent selfishness will restrain everybody from doing wrong to his neighbor. I believe, sir, in a world without the gallows, without a jail—a world in which everybody will be an Anarchist."

"A world without jails!" cried the reporter astonished.

"Yes, sir; a world of perfect liberty, without a single jail."

"But suppose," suggested the commonplace reporter, "that some folks didn't believe in this sort of thing; didn't want a world without jails; didn't want to be Anarchists; what then?"

"Then I'd clap those fools in jail till they came to their senses. Waiter, more beer."

Hard to Convince.

[*From the Binghamton Republican.*]

A physician says large eaters do not live as long as those who eat little. It will be hard to convince people of that so long as elephants, which devour a ton of hay a week, live 100 years, while flies, which dine sumptuously on the barrenness of a bald head, rarely pass their first anniversary.

Scraps from "Life."

It requires a clever surgeon to dress wounded vanity.

Only matrimonial matches are made at the Sulphur Springs of Virginia.

Divorce-seeking women do not trust in Providence, else why do they locate at Newport?

For obvious reasons a bookseller should not be much of a bookkeeper.

After a recent French duel one of the participants was bitten by a dog on his way home.

He—Handsome woman, that Major Bold's wife; but why will she wear such loud gowns? She—Out of consideration to the Major, I fancy; he is so shockingly deaf, don't you know.

GUARDS HAVE A GRIEVANCE.

ELEVATED RAILWAY TRAINMEN MUST BUY NEW OVERCOATS.

A Guard, Who Summoned a Reporter More Quickly than Aladdin Himself Could, Tells of an Order Enforcing the Purchase of Expensive Clothing—An Old Employee Robs This Story of Its Sting.

"I wish there was a reporter here. I'd tell him how we are misused."

The speaker was one of two elevated road guards, and his wish was as speedily gratified as any Aladdin of mythical memory every expressed, for a WORLD reporter stood beside him and asked him to relate his tale.

"It's this," said he. "Wednesday night W. T. Goundie, Superintendent of Transportation of the road, posted an order requiring all trainmen, conductors and guards to appear in new uniform overcoats with double rows of five brass buttons, giving them until this morning to provide themselves with the garment.

"We all have overcoats and now we've got to go and buy new ones or go without; and the worst of it is that the new ones cost $22 and that they can be used for no other purpose than as part of a uniform in our work, and must be purchased of a particular firm.

"Here's my friend. He's got an overcoat, single-breasted, with one row of buttons. It's a good dark blue coat, but he's got to buy a new one or work without one if he works at all.

"We also complain, and I think with cause, that $22 is too much for a man who is earning only $1.50 per day to pay for an overcoat for every-day wear at his work.

"Col. Hain and Mr. Goundie have just taken advantage of this cold spell to force the men to buy overcoats of one particular firm, and a great many who really cannot afford it have done so, while others are so poor that they prefer to freeze on the platforms without the coats than to obey this arbitrary order."

A visit to the platform of the City Hall station this morning, and a careful inspection of the train crews as they came in, revealed the fact that, if the order was as given by the complaining guard, it had not been obeyed by the men.

Some of the men were with overcoats and others without. All of the overcoats were dark blue or black and all were decorated with two rows of brass buttons. Sometimes there were six buttons, but usually the ten required, if the extra ones had to be stuck on the shoulders like epaulets.

Some of the overcoats were on the fly pattern and the two rows of glittering buttons on either side were simply ornamental. None of the coats were uniform, except that they were uniformly of a dark color. There were but few new regulation coats.

None of the guards knew of any of the train men being laid off for non-compliance with the order, and all said that the order required simply the two rows of buttons, which which could be obtained at the office of the company.

One man said that several were not allowed to go on in the making up of crews yesterday with non-uniform overcoats.

Another, a veteran railroad man, whose service has not been confined to the elevated system, said:

"New order? This is no new order, but a standing order. Every man who goes to work for the company knows that he has to furnish a uniform, and there is no reason, if he wants to continue in its employment, why he should not continue to abide by the rules.

"I'll tell you where the whole trouble lies. There's no necessity for wearing any overcoats, in the first place, but the men will wear 'em, and most of 'em go down to the Bay and get some Cheap John goods. That'd be all right, but they won't stick to the dark colors, but'll get all shades, colors and patterns.

"Then, too, we've some dudes, and unless they're held in check you might expect any minute to see some gallus guard coming down in a cape coat and yellow gloves, and with a big-headed cane in his hand.

"In consequence of these things it is necessary to occasionally remind the men that there are some rules regarding uniform. That's just all there is about it.

"I said that there is no need to wear overcoats. There isn't. I've run a train two cold winters and never wore one. Do you see the brakemen on the Hudson River or the New Haven roads wearing 'em? No sir. Well, our cars are heated better'n theirs and the men are inside about all the time. Unless they're sickly there ain't no use of their wearin' overcoats.

"They can talk as much as they please about Col. Hain and Mr. Goundie, but I say that no railroad officers ever treated their men better. They both are practical men, one a machinist and the other a fireman, and they know what it is to work and know better'n to misuse us.

"I tell you, if some of these grumblers had the regular railroad experience that I've had they'd appreciate the advantages of bein' on the elevated."

There are many of the guards who do not agree with the above opinion, however.

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.

Trade-Marks.

[*From the Omaha World.*]

He—This must be the place.

She—Stop, don't ring; this doesn't look like a boarding-house.

He—Oh, yes, it is. I smell the onions.

Either Way.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

Mother and daughter examining Christmas presents:

Daughter—Are both of these boxes of candy different?

Mother—No; neither is alike.

The Year 1888.

[*From Puck.*]

Wheelwright—Do you attend in that establishment?

Shop Girl—Yes; I am one of the emporium ladies. Where are you engaged?

Wheelwright—I am a repository for carriages gentleman.

Not Talking to Baby at All.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

Charlie (shaking his fist in baby's face)—I could just mash you"——

Mamma—Why, Charlie, I'm surprised to hear you talk that way to little sister when you have been left with her.

Charlie—Why, mamma, I'm talking to that fly that keeps lighting on her nose.

An Unkind Explanation.

[*From Puck.*]

Miss Tremaire—Awfully well-set-up young fellow, that Mr. Bradlee, isn't he? He's straight as a West Pointer——Why, what can be the matter with him?

Gordon—(who doesn't love Bradlee)—Nothing serious, I think. In bowing to Mrs. Blazer he broke his shoulder-brace, and simply can't get back again.

The Bartender's Mistake.

[*From the Nebraska State Journal.*]

"Bartender, give me some of that good liquor I had last night."

"I'm sorry to say, Colonel, that I made a mistake last night and gave you the wrong bottle."

"Yes, I suppose so. Here I've been trading at your ranch for ten years and you only give me the good liquor by mistake."

"But that wasn't whiskey at all."

"What was it?"

"Carbolic acid."

THE WORLD will print to-morrow evening the names of ladies receiving New Year's calls, if sent in by 10 A. M.